

The Oxford County Citizen.

VOLUME XXXIV—NUMBER 16

BETHEL, MAINE, THURSDAY, AUGUST 9, 1928

4 Cents Per Copy—\$2.00 Per Year

BETHEL AND VICINITY

Landell Blanchard of Abington, Mass., visiting at A. E. Herrick's.

See the new models in the electrified Atwater Kent radio at Lyon's.

Mrs. Eugenie Roby of Island Pond is the guest of friends in town.

Donald Maxwell of Lynn, Mass., is visiting his uncle, Frank Taylor.

Employees of the N. S. Stowell Co. are enjoying a two weeks vacation.

Mrs. L. A. Whitley from Portland is spending the summer at Wallace Clark's.

Don't forget the Ladies Club Fair to be held at Garland Chapel, Aug. 16.

Mrs. Earl Cummings and family of Rumford spent the week end at W. F. Clark's.

The town has erected signs at the entrances to the village warning motorists of the speed limit.

Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson have returned from a vacation spent in Canada and at Niagara Falls.

Mr. and Mrs. Perley Parker have been vacationing during the White Mountains during the past week.

Mrs. Katherine Clark of Rumford spent two weeks at W. F. Clark's recently.

Miss Florice Grover was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. Charles Valentine, Monday.

Miss Ruby Chandler of West Sumner is the sister of Mrs. A. D. Forbes, for the week.

Miss Alta Smith of Yonkers, N. Y., spent a few days recently in town the guest of Mrs. L. E. Davis.

Mr. and Mrs. W. I. Russ, daughter, Bessie and Malcolm Downing of Auburn were Sunday callers in Bethel.

Mrs. Addie K. Mason spent a few days recently with Mrs. C. L. Brown and family and attended Chautauqua.

Alton Payne has sold his house on Main Street, the Hiram Bean place, to Harry Lyon, who has taken possession.

Miss Thelma Cooper, who has been visiting in town the past week, returned to her home in Week's Mills, Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilbert Baker and daughter June have been visiting his sister, Mrs. Edson Cummings and family of Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Swan left Thursday for La Loutre, Que., after spending several months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Flint.

Eyes examined, glasses furnished by E. L. Greenleaf, Optometrist, over Howe's Store, Saturdays only. Evening appointments may be made.

Town seals have been moved from the Nainey property where they were installed several years ago and will be set up near Roy Moore's grain store on Railroad Street.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Robertson and his daughter, Carol, of New York City, are guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. N. Robertson and other relatives.

Mrs. Kenneth Williams has returned to her home in Woburn, Mass., after spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Clark.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Crockett, nee Effie Sumner, and two children are spending some time with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. A. Sumner.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Hall, F. B. Merrill and Miss Harriet Merrill attended the funeral of Mrs. Hall's sister, Mrs. Wm. Stetson at Madison Sunday.

Robert Clough has charge of the Morningstar cottage, so called, on the east side of Songo Pond. Anyone wishing to hire it see him as he has the key.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis P. Hutchinson and baby and Miss Barbara Hutchinson spent Monday and Tuesday in Portland, guests of Mr. and Mrs. Harold Cummings.

Mr. and Mrs. P. T. Lapham, daughter, Father and Mrs. H. H. Russ returned Saturday after spending several days with relatives at No. Edgar and points of interest along the coast.

Among the local people attending camp meeting at the Empire Camp grounds, Poland, Sunday, were H. I. Egan, Alanson Tyler, John Anderson, L. E. Stevens, Lyman Wheeler and their families.

Electric lights and power were off during Saturday afternoon a few hours following the wind and thunder storm. Some inconvenience was caused by trees and branches in the roads but no accidents were reported.

The addition on Crockett's Garage, 25 by 50 feet, has been completed and is now in use. The space available for repair work is more than doubled and gives Mr. Crockett one of the most conveniently arranged garages in this section. The upper story affords a large storage space and will be used in part for a radio repair shop.

BETHEL TO BUILD ANOTHER SCHOOLHOUSE

Some forty or fifty voters were in attendance at the special town meeting held at Odeon Hall last Saturday afternoon to vote on the question of raising money in addition to the thousand dollars raised at the March meeting to build a new school building at Northwest Bethel.

H. H. Hastings was elected Moderator. It was voted to raise \$1500, the same to be assessed next year, and the Treasurer was authorized to hire the building, construction of which will commence at once. The Board of Selectmen will serve as the building committee.

Oxford County to Have County Club Agent

Five county club agents to organize and supervise boys' and girls' 4-H clubs and another home demonstration agent to give home economics instruction are to be appointed immediately according to Dr. Leon S. Merrill, director of the Extension Service. This will be the first time that full time county club agents have been employed in Maine and creation of the positions is made possible by the funds received under the Capper Ketchum act passed by the last Congress.

In response to a long standing request from Arrostook County Farm Bureau a home demonstration agent will be appointed for the potato county. This will complete the home demonstration system in Maine, there being a home demonstration agent in all other counties or combination of counties. It has not been possible to appoint a home demonstration agent in Arrostook heretofore because a county agent and an assistant agent were employed. The size of the county and its agricultural importance made such a plan necessary. Funds were not available for more than two agents in a county.

Kennebec, Oxford, Penobscot, Waldo and York County Farm Bureaus petitioned the extension Service to assign a county club agent to their counties. Arthur L. Deering, assistant extension director met the executive committees of each of these organizations to discuss the situation and recommended to Director Merrill that the requests of the counties named be granted for the reason that they presented very urgent requests for such appointments and because the size of the agricultural business and the number of organized communities in these counties made the employment of county club agents advisable, thereby relieving the county agents and home demonstration agents in those counties and enabling them to devote their entire time to agricultural and home economics work. County club agents will assume the entire responsibility for club work.

BEAR RIVER GRANGE

Bear River Grange held its regular meeting Saturday evening, August 4, with twenty four members and one visitor present. Worthing Master French appointed Pearl Kilgore, L. A. S., pro tem. A communication was read by the Lecturer in regard to Lecturer's Conference to be held at Burlington, Vt., and it was voted to send Lecturer. The following officers were chosen for the Fall: Pres., F. I. French; Vice-Pres., F. W. Wright; Sec., L. E. Wright; Treas., C. F. Saunders. The committees and date are to be reported by them at next regular meeting. The following program was given: Song, Grange; Reading, Rosie Swantz; Question for discussion opened by Sister Ida Wright, followed by others; Reading, Worthing Master French; Music, Jews harp, Daniel Wright; Reading, C. F. Saunders; Remarks, F. W. Wright on Fish and Game meeting held at Norway, also on Live Stock meeting held at Rumford; Reading on Farm Problems in Maine by L. E. Wright; Remarks by Brother Sawyer; Address on visit to Umbagog Grange, Errol Grange called to order and closed in form.

WILSON-DOUGLASS

A very quiet wedding which will be of interest to their Norway and Paris friends, is that of Ida Hill Douglass of this town and Fred L. Wilson of Portland which took place at the home of Rev. Howard T. Hough on the Eastern Promenade, Tuesday evening, July 31, at eight o'clock. Mrs. Wilson is the daughter of the late A. Kinsman and Hannah E. Hill, a graduate of Norway High School and successful teacher in the rural schools of Maine and New Hampshire.

Mrs. Wilson is a court stenographer and well known through the state.

Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are enjoying a wedding trip to Bar Harbor and upon their return will reside at 112 Washington Avenue—Norway Advertiser.

NOTICE

I have been appointed Dealer of Weights and Measures in the towns of Bethel, Mason, Oxbow, Norway and Hanover, and all persons using weights, measures or balances for the purpose of selling goods are hereby notified to bring the same to me to be tested and scaled. WESLEY WILSON. 15-17

Annual Get-Together

G. A. '88, '89ers

"Wednesday, August 1st, 10:30. All at Gould Academy" the invitations read and it was a merry group that gathered. Belated ones found those having assembled earlier viewing the beautiful "Marian True Gehring Student's Home." One remarked there had been such changes in forty years as to make one feel a stranger but for the old campus about the Academy building with its dear old trees that more than one present had shinned in Maybasket time.

After despairing seeing the Alfred Clarks and Al Vans as the 12 o'clock drew near, a glad shout greeted their late arrival.

"Lunch at Screw Auger Falls" announced by the Committee of Arrangements for the day was the signal for stowing baskets, boxes and thermos jugs into waiting automobiles. There were no jaded appetites at the end of the delightful ride up the Bangs River valley with its bracing air and grand scenery.

Fortifying the inner man was the immediate order of the day on arrival—with quips and jokes for added relish.

An unusual pleasure was the presence of Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Linscott and two daughters of Wollaston, Mass., who had not been able to be present since '23. Mr. Linscott, who was assistant principal in '23-'24, added much to the deep enjoyment of all present with his reminiscence talk given in his usual happy vein of thought.

A short order of business was followed by a general exodus—some starting immediately for their homes others going further up the Notch to see the slides of last November, all voting this "Get-Together" one of the "best ever."

Those present were Miss Frances Carter, Com., Mr. and Mrs. Fred I. Clark, Bethel, Mr. and Mrs. Alfred R. Clark, Bolster's Mills and St. Petersburg, Fla., Mrs. Alford's Earwell Edwards, Falmouth Forestry, Mrs. Rena Merrow Foster, Dorchester, Mass., Mrs. Grace Grover Skilling, Bethel, Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Jordan, Bethel, Mr. and Mrs. Frank K. Linscott, Wollaston, Mass., Mrs. Ethel Walker Matern, Farmington, Me., Miss Jennie May Hill, Berlin, N. H., Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Rowe, Bethel, Mr. and Mrs. Alphonse Van Den Kerckhoven, Bethel, Mr. Mollie Chapman Wilson, Berlin, N. H., Mr. and Mrs. William Watson, Gorham, N. H., Guests: Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Mower, Auburn, Mr. Moses Ruth and Marian Linscott, Wollaston, Mass.

Books Added to Bethel Library in July

Catalpa, Thornton's Walder
Pilgrims of the Impossible, Coningsby Dawson
Two Flights Up, Mr. F. Robertson
Trailer Horn, (2nd vol.), A. A. Horn
Conquistador, Philip Gedalla
GIVEN
The Loring Mystery, Jeffrey Farnol
The Fifteen Cells, Stuart Martin
Swan Song, Galsworthy
The Life of Spring, Edward Noble
Young Love, John G. Brandon
Given by Mrs. Eva Barker Clough
The Harp of God, J. R. Rutherford
Creation, J. R. Rutherford
Deliverance, J. R. Rutherford
Given by Mrs. A. F. Copeland
The Luck of the Kid, Ridgwell Callum
The Man in the Twilight, Ridgwell Callum
The Triumph of John Kara, Ridgwell Callum
How Down the May, Holman Day
John of Arc of the North Woods, Holman Day
The Golden Snare, Jan. Oliver Carwood
Kazak, Carwood
Steels of the Royal Mounted, Carwood
The Danger Trail, Carwood
The Alaskan, Carwood

Card of Thanks

We wish to thank all friends, neighbors and the Ladies for their kind words of sympathy and the beautiful flowers during our recent bereavement.

Mrs. Elizabeth Flanders,
Miss Dorothy Flanders,
Mrs. Addison Gilman,
Mrs. Maria Ward,
Harry Flanders.

CORRECTION

Last week's Citizen stated that Miss Ruth Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry H. Brown has taught domestic sciences at Northampton, Mass., the past year. Instead, she has taught domestic art. Our mistake.

A new street light of a more ornamental type has been placed at the corner of Main and Broad Streets by Central Maine Power Co. If the people are interested a meeting of the Village Corporation may be called to decide about having these new lights installed on Main Street.

Die Block Mill at Buckfield Burned

During a severe electrical storm Saturday afternoon the Irish Bros. Co. block mill at Buckfield was struck by lightning. The fire was soon beyond control but the fire fighters succeeded in saving the buildings nearby.

Everything was destroyed except the contents of the office. Saturday afternoon being a half holiday for the employees no one was in the mill when the lightning struck. The loss, estimated at \$19,000, was partially covered by insurance. A similar mill was destroyed on the same location about 30 years ago.

The same storm did considerable damage to the growing crops in that vicinity. Several of the beautiful old elm trees were torn apart and uprooted, and a high from one of the trees pierced the roof of A. T. Colas house.

Husking sheds at the Portland Packing Company's plant were blown from their foundations and an automobile in one of the sheds was badly damaged. Telephone and electric service was interrupted and was not restored until late in the evening.

Radcliffe Chautauqua

Chautauqua opened with a song service at the tent Sunday. On account of the weather the crowd was not large. Rev. Roger Cleveland was the speaker. The parade in the village streets took place before the afternoon performance Monday. The superintendent, Miss Hughes, did unusually well with the children, who appreciated her efforts and were most attentive at every entertainment.

Dr. E. W. Serl of Southern Pines, N. C., was the lecturer Monday. His subject in the afternoon was "Ghosts and Entities" and talk was on the line of making the most of one's opportunities. In the evening he spoke on "Riches We Inherit," emphasizing that what we inherit is not our own until we have made use of it. In the course of the discourse he brought up the question of "personal liberty" illustrating his points very aptly with humorous anecdotes. Dr. Serl was a most pleasing speaker and several said his lecture was among the best ever heard in Chautauqua here.

Radcliffe's "Society Circus" entertained the first afternoon and evening. The troupe included a pony, two monkeys, several dogs, canaries, doves and catfishes, all of which performed, and a number of birds were on exhibition. The intelligence of the pony was interesting. She could count, add and tell time, as well as express her opinion emphatically on different subjects by a lifting or shaking her head. The other acts, especially the cock-a-toos, were equally well trained.

Tuesday afternoon Dr. Daniel H. Martin spoke on "The Royal Road," and in the evening his subject was "Riches We Acquire." He showed that the acquisition of education, health and wealth was not all but one should also try for the finer intellectual and spiritual qualities to make life most worth while.

That afternoon the Radcliffe Players entertained with vaudeville and a one-act play, and in the evening presented the three-act comedy "Putting Pop in Papa," to a large appreciative audience.

Dr. Frank A. Damer spoke Wednesday afternoon on "The House that Jack Built," referring to the house of life which we must build, discussing the various features of architecture. In the evening he concluded the "Riches" series with his lecture on "Riches We Bestow."

The program for the final day was furnished by the Hentz Boyd Concert Company, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Boyd and a fine accompanist. A fine varied program was given, including some popular music.

Bethel folks are glad to learn that the Radcliffe Chautauqua will be here Saturday. Everything considered, the Chautauqua is one of the great forces of these times bringing to the people of the small places, lectures and entertainment features otherwise impossible.

Communication

Would like to contradict the statement about the auto accident that was in your paper last week. Instead of the Ford car side sweeping the Chevrolet it was the Chevrolet side sweeping the Ford. The Ford was on the right hand side of the road and the Chevrolet swept around the turn keeping to the left hand side of road and side swept the Ford going right in under the front left mud guard turning it over on its side out of the road instead of turning it clear over 1 or more times as stated.

Mrs. Nellie Leavitt

The remains of Mrs. Nellie Leavitt of Stark, N. H., were brought here Saturday for burial in Songo Cemetery. Mrs. Leavitt was at one time a resident of Albany. She was first married to Charles Kimball and they built the house at the foot of the lake where Charles Kimball now lives, and Mrs. Kimball taught school at the Songo school for many years. Her two sons, George and Joseph Kimball have both passed on.

Her second husband was Hiram Hobbs and they lived on the Greenwood road for a few years. After Mr. Hobbs' death she moved to Stark, N. H., where she married Mr. Leavitt.

Mrs. Leavitt had been a patient sufferer, having been confined to her bed for over eight years. She is survived by one brother, James Worscott, and one grandchild, Mrs. Ethel Kimball Lawrence, both of Portland. Besides nieces and great grandchildren.

Mrs. Lorenson accompanied the remains to Bethel for burial.

NEWRY

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Burgess and family of Berlin, N. H., were in town last Sunday calling on friends.

Walter Foster, a former resident of this town was in this place last Saturday. It had been a number of years since he left here and he found many changes.

The farmers are not getting along very fast having as there is so much rain.

LOCALS WHITEWASH AND OVER WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON

Continuing their victorious career, the Bethel Town Team defeated Andover for their third straight victory. Under the direction of Jack Gill, who pitched a remarkable game, the locals played errorless ball and hit when hits were needed.

Portington, the former Twin Town smoke ball artist, pitched for Andover, but it was not his day to win. The locals were set for revenge for the defeat he handed them on their previous encounter and they certainly got it. The score was 7-0.

BETHEL DEFEATS LOVELL 6-4

The local boys journeyed to Lovell Sunday and defeated the All Stars 6 to 4. Every man on the Bethel team got a hit off Souther, Bowdoin Freshman speed king.

The grounds were rather wet and the ball was slippery to say the least, but that did not keep Bethel from showing that they were in their winning stride.

Goddard, Howe, Eldredge, White, Bartlett, Swan, Gill and Robertson all featured at bat, sending the ball for several long rides.

Lovell will play a return game at Bethel on Saturday, Aug. 11, at 4 P. M. Everybody come and see a red hot ball game!

Summary of Bethel-Rumford Game at Rumford, Wednesday, Aug. 1

	Bethel	Rumford
Howe, rf.	3 0 0 0 0	3 0 0 0 0
Bartlett, cf.	3 0 0 0 0	3 0 0 0 0
Allen, p.	3 1 1 0 1	3 1 1 0 1
Robertson, 3rd.	3 1 1 0 1	3 1 1 0 1
Swan, cf.	3 1 1 0 1	3 1 1 0 1
Goddard, ss.	2 0 0 3 1	2 0 0 3 1
Eldredge, 2nd.	1 0 0 0 1	1 0 0 0 1
White, lf.	2 0 0 0 0	2 0 0 0 0
Lurvey, 1st.	2 0 0 0 0	2 0 0 0 0
Totals.	22 2 2 21 5 3	22 2 2 21 5 3
Runs	ab r h po a e	ab r h po a e
Witherell, cf.	3 1 1 1 0 0	3 1 1 1 0 0
Morse, ss.	2 0 0 0 3 0	2 0 0 0 3 0
Watson, rf.	1 0 0 0 1 0	1 0 0 0 1 0
Todd, 3rd.	3 0 0 0 1 0	3 0 0 0 1 0
Tripp, rf.	3 0 0 1 0 0	3 0 0 1 0 0
Bovins, ss.	2 0 0 12 1 0	2 0 0 12 1 0
Todd, 1st.	3 0 1 6 0 1	3 0 1 6 0 1
Needleman, lf.	3 0 0 0 0 0	3 0 0 0 0 0
Clark, 2nd.	2 0 0 0 0 0	2 0 0 0 0 0
Shuffard, p.	3 0 0 1 1 0	3 0 0 1 1 0
Totals.	25 1 2 21 6 1	25 1 2 21 6 1
Errors	2	2
Base hits—Bethel 2, Rumford 0.		
Two base hits—Swan, Robertson. First on balls—off Allen 1. Struck out—by Allen 11, by Bowdoin 12. Left on bases—Bethel 1, Rumford 7. First base on errors—Rumford 3, Bethel 1. Hit by pitcher—by Allen (Clark) Bovins. Balk—Allen. Umpire, Thibodeau. Score by innings, 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9		
Bethel	0 3 0 0 0 0 0 0 2	
Rumford	1 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 1	

BRYANT POND

Mr. and Mrs. H. Alton Bacon recently spent a few days at Harpswell.

Miss Helen Farrar of Boston, Mass., is spending a two weeks vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Farrar. James D. Farrar has finished work at Locke's Mills and is working at the N. S. Stowell pool mill here.

Mr. and Mrs. Leland Austin in company with Miss Verna Brown and friend, Gerald Davis, have recently returned from several days visit with relatives and friends in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Jenkins have returned to the lakes after spending several days at their home here.

Mr. and Mrs. Homer Crocker are visiting his mother, Mrs. Vettie Crocker. Howard Emery has been home from his work for a few days on account of illness.

The town was visited by one of the most severe electric storms of several years last Saturday afternoon. No particular damage has been reported.

On Friday afternoon lightning struck and killed a horse owned by Harry Howe.

Resolutions

Whereas it has been the will of our Heavenly Father above to remove from our midst our beloved brother, Perley A. Flanders.

Resolved, that we the members of Bethel Grange, No. 66, extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved family, remembering that, that which is our loss is his gain.

Resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be spread upon our records, a copy sent to The Oxford County Citizen to be printed therein and a copy sent to the family of our late brother as a token of our sympathy.

FRANK L. CLARK
IRA HICKFORD
JASPER CATERS

Perley A. Flanders

Born Dec. 12, 1868. Died Aug. 1, 1928

The subject of this sketch was born in Mayfield, Maine, nearly sixty years ago but has lived in Bethel for so many years, it was rarely anyone thought but what he was always a resident of this town.

On Dec. 2nd, 1900, he was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Kennagh of Greenwood, in the Catholic Church at South Paris by Rev. Father Flynn. Two children, Albert E. and Dorothy, were born to them.

Mr. Flanders was a carpenter by trade and over found plenty of work, and although his health had been rather poor for the past two years he did not give up work until a few weeks ago when he was induced to go to Waterville to The Sisters Hospital, where he underwent an operation for a serious stomach trouble, but the disease had secured too great a hold upon him and he passed away Wednesday afternoon, August 1st, 1928.

Perley, as he was always called, was well liked and made many firm friends wherever his work took him. As a neighbor he was ever ready with a helping hand in time of need.

He belonged to Sudbury Lodge, K. of P., and the Pythian Sisters, and was also a Worthy Patron of Bethel Grange. Besides his immediate family he leaves two sisters, Mrs. Addison Gilman of Dexter, Maine, and Mrs. Mary Ward of Skowhegan, one brother, Harry Flanders of Norwalk, Calif., two nephews, Dr. Arthur McQuillan of Waterville and Newell Hayden of Athens, also three nieces.

The funeral occurred at his late residence Friday afternoon when Rev. W. R. Patterson spoke tender comforting words to all. The Knights and Pythian Sisters, also many of the Grangers were present. K. of P. taking charge and performing their beautiful rites for their brother at the cemetery. Quantities of fragrant flowers gave silent messages of sympathy.

Interment was in the cemetery at West Bethel.

A kind and tenderhearted husband, a quiet industrious citizen, a loyal friend and a good neighbor! What better epitaph could any man have!

He "listened in" where he was, giving happiness to those about him. To those nearest and dearest to him we say—

Though we tell you the sun shines you feel not its glow
For over your hearts have swept rivers of woe,
Dimming for you the sun's golden gleam
Did you feel you but live in a hideous dream—
Home is not home, one loved form is not there!
Angels have taken him out of your care,
Lifted him tenderly over life's stair
Onward and upward to lands far more fair.

What a comfort to feel that when freed from life's pain
We shall find our loved ones and greet them again,
At the close of the journey that ends every quest—
Where those that are weary shall find perfect rest!

Bethel, Maine, Aug. 7th, 1928.

BUSINESS CARDS

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BETHEL VILLAGE CORPORATION
FIRE ALARM SIGNALS
1 Alarm, repeated at one minute intervals, Broad, Main and Paradise Streets.
2 Alarm, repeated at one minute intervals, Mill Hill.
3 Alarm, repeated at two minute intervals, Church Park, Upper High, Upper Summer, Elm Streets.
4 Alarm, repeated at two minute intervals, Main to Bryant's Store, Spring, Brighton, Chapman Streets.
5 Alarm, repeated at two minute intervals, Lower Main, Mechanic, Clark, Lower High, Lower Summer, Vernon Streets.
6 Alarm, repeated at two minute intervals, Mill, Mill Yards and Railroad Street.

IN CASE OF FIRE—Call the telephone office, tell the operator where the fire is, and she will send to the alarm immediately.

TIME TABLE
Effective June 24, 1928
BETHEL
Daily except Sunday
Daily except Sunday
Daily except Sunday

WESTBOUND
Daily except Sunday
Daily except Sunday
Daily except Sunday

EASTBOUND
Daily except Sunday
Daily except Sunday
Daily except Sunday

PORTLAND
Daily except Sunday
Daily except Sunday
Daily except Sunday

LEWISTON
Daily except Sunday
Daily except Sunday
Daily except Sunday

LEWISTON
Daily except Sunday
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LEWISTON
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LEWISTON
Daily except Sunday
Daily except Sunday
Daily except Sunday

TABLETS OF TRUTH

Money is useful as a servant, but tyrannical as a master.

Aristocrats and dentists are judged by the excellence of their extraction.

No man would be willing to swear to everything he says during courtship.

The higher a man rises the more he has to depend on others to hold him up.

This man who would enjoy the music of the band must keep up with the procession.

BEST SIMILES OF 1927

The best similes of 1927, the seventh annual crop, have been gathered by Frank J. Wilstach, author of "A Dictionary of Similes." The following selections from a long list give some idea of the present trend in these figures of speech:

Lonely as Lindbergh in Paris.—Anon.

Blue as fountain pen ink.—Michael Arlen.

Impersonal as a hairdresser's touch.—Anon.

Neatly as a debutante applies a lipstick.—Anon.

Difficult as borrowing money from a rich wife.—Anon.

Her smile is like the silver plate on a coffin.—Anon.

She threw herself at him like a medicine ball.—Anon.

About as popular as a loud speaker in a two-room flat.—Anon.

Optimistic as the woman who opened a gift shop in Scotland.—Anon.

Women, like cats, are the only domesticated animals impossible to tame.—Margaret Asquith.

Propaganda, like art, must depend on concealment for its effectiveness.—Edward H. Blanchard.—New York Times.

The difference between a movie producer and a college administrator is that when the former discovers a new star he makes some money.—Anon.

BEST OF HUMOR

Competition

"How did your speech go at the luncheon club?" "Judges for yourself. I spoke with the soup course."

Impressed

"That salesman seems interested in the leopard." "Sah! He thinks it's a dotted lion."

In One Jump

"So he took the girl skiing. Did he make a bit with her?" "Oh, he just took her off her feet."

Well, That's Profitable

"What did you realize on your stock market plunge?" "What a dunce I was!"

As They Say

"After you feather your nest?" "Then you can plume yourself."—Mobile Register.

Gaelic

"You remember Pat and Mike?" "Oh, yes! The original gaelic of laughter."

Filler

"Is this a filling station?" "We can fill your gas tank. We have no hot dogs."

Sure

"Why is milk so nourishing?" "Isn't it virtually beef extract?"—Louisville Courier.

No Telling

"Am I the first girl you've ever kissed?" "As a matter of fact, yes."—Tribune.

Feature

"What are they featuring in this film?" "A million dollar expense account."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Art

"What is the difference between a violinist and a fiddler?" "About four inches of hair."

"Knickers" Traced to Drawings of Irving

The word knickerbockers has been traced to the Dutch in the seventeenth century, but the first record of its use in English, relating to the loose-fitting knee-breeches, dates from 1850. The name is said to have been given to them on account of their likeness to the knee-breeches designed by George Cruikshank to illustrate Washington Irving's "History of New York." This is not, however, to suggest that as garments, knee-breeches were not worn until so late a period, for the breeches worn toward the end of the reign of Charles II gradually got lighter, until William III introduced plain tight knee-breeches that are still worn in England as a part of the court dress. The breeches of the reign of Charles I were loose in the knee, where they ended in a ducal or bow of ribbon, and they continued so during the Commonwealth, but these were called knee-breeches and not knickerbockers.—Literary Digest.

MAINE WEEKLY INDUSTRIAL REVIEW

With conditions improving in oil industry, mining on up-grade, agriculture staging a comeback, railroads probably in soundest financial position in recent years, and building operations in May breaking all records for the nation as a whole, our country has a bright outlook ahead.

Fort Fairfield — State road from McIntosh corner southward being tarred.

Fort Fairfield — Work on Aroostook Country Club's golf links near here nearly completed.

Camden — Atlantic Engine Company of Camden to launch drive to raise \$12,500 for purchase of new fire pump.

Portland — New England Tel. & Tel. Co. to spend \$21,000 to improve transmission cable between Bangor and this city.

Bangor — Tax rate here for 1928 is \$3.83, compared to \$3.885 last year.

Boothbay Harbor — Spur trunk line road from Wiscasset to this place being rebuilt.

South Harpswell — Much building construction of new St. Mark's Catholic Church—700 square feet new blackboard being installed in schools here.

Southwest Plymouth — Farmers are busy hoeing and spraying.

Eastern Center — Tar road here nearly completed; work on local church progressing.

Easton — Work progressing on bank building and vault.

Portland — Western Creamery Company, Inc., Portland, capitalized at \$200,000 chartered.

Ellsworth — \$8,333 contract let for remodeling School Street schoolhouse, and for annex to building.

Portland — \$4,504 contract let for building Longfellow Street sewer.

Auburn — Addition being built to Auburn post office building.

Old Town — Center Street cement road rapidly nearing completion.

Old Town — Ground broken for construction of new St. Mary's Catholic Church.

North Cushing — Work on road here progressing.

Thomaston — Myler Street from Knox westward being improved.

Rockland — 200 foot cement highway laid on South Main Street.

Stillwater — Good progress being made on new bridge here.

Oriskany — Sheep shearing in progress here.

Wells — Work progressing on new railroad from Bald Hill crossing to granite quarry on Tenney place.

Rumford — Wiseman's Farm ice cream room and office will shortly move into new building on Waldo Street.

Rumford — Rumford Falls Light & Water Company increases capitalization from \$200,000 to \$300,000.

Rumford — Sewer work on Washington Street extension in progress; sewer on Knox Street from Plymouth to Main Avenue completed.

Old Town — Tar spread on State road from here to Lincoln Center.

Rumford — \$7,485 contract let for construction of sidewalks here.

Bangor — West side of Hammond Street surfaced and opened to traffic.

Sanford Springs — New Ford service station will open on Main Street.

Standish — East Limington Bridge between here and Limington will be replaced by \$74,000 modern structure.

Rockland — William Underwood Company will establish sardine plant here.

Augusta — Central Maine Power Co., and New England Tel. and Tel. Co., repair storm damaged lines here.

Bridgton — Pondicherry Mill completes new drying frame in yard at rear of main buildings.

Juno — Section of state aid road here nearly completed.

West Enfield — Cooperative store on Penobscot Avenue being rebuilt.

SONGO POND

Mrs. Abbie Dorrill and her sister, Mrs. Mamie Tolman of Portland were callers at Abner Kimball's Saturday.

They were in Albany to attend the burial of their aunt, Mrs. Nellie Leavitt and they were accompanied by their niece, Mrs. Russell, of Portland.

Mrs. Linwood Averill and two children of Rumford were guests at her brother's, Charles Gorman's, a few days last week.

Mrs. Herman Cummings and two children of Norway were guests of Mrs. Charles Gorman Friday.

George Cummings of Norway was a caller at W. I. Beckler's Friday.

Abner Kimball did some live goose feather picking Monday, something which he had never done before in all his 40 odd years of living.

An old stocking is put over the head of the goose and the picking then carried on in the usual way.

Miss Mabel Inman is helping her aunt, Mrs. Mabel Beckler, at the Beckler Tea Room at Bethel.

Eben Barker with his crew of men finished work for this year on the third class road towards Hunt's Corner.

Mrs. Alta Bird assisted at the "Roast" one day last week.

...Maine, is August, stopping ...Coolidge enter- ...Medford, Mass., ...daughter, Irene, of ...on friends here ...and daughter, ...have been visit- ...and Mrs. Owen ...ly, Chris Bryant ...Sunday at Bear ...read the most, ...but those who ...may be compelled ...mind may travel

ache ...ndigestion.

ness often cause ...Maine people are ...Atwood's Medi- ...troll from these ...ing troubles. It ...navigates the en- ...pon dose helps ...ing benefit. ...15c. Every where.

Portland, Me.

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Like Many, Rochester

Saw Light Too Late

A document of considerable historic and literary importance was recently sold in London. It is the original letter written by the famous Restoration wit, Lord Rochester, on his deathbed, receiving his last past.

The letter was garbled as a broadside after his death, and even Bishop Burnett, to whom it was addressed, reproduced it inaccurately. It is of interest, therefore, to give his actual words:

"My most honord, Dr. Burnett.—My spirit and body do decay soe equally together that I shall write you a letter as weak as I am. In person I begin to value Churchmen above all men in the world, and you above all the Churchmen I know most. If God be yet pleased to spare mee longer in this world I hope in your conversation to see exalted to that degree of piety that the world may see how much I shor what I soe long Lovd, and how much I glory in repentance in God's Service, or els if the Lord Choseth to put an end to my worldly being now that hee would mercifully accept of my deathbed repentance.—Your most obedtent and languishing Servant, Rochester."

Workers in Wrought

Iron Highly Skilled

The craft of wrought iron bears an honorable lineage. It is generally regarded as an offshoot from the more ancient craft of the armorer, who was an indispensable figure in every feudal community. The training of these armorers in manipulating metals into delicate forms and weldings, and their skill in chasing and inlaying defensive armor, found opportunity to display its talents in the grilles, gates, flocks and blinges of the feudal castle itself. The church as well demanded skilled design and workmanship in this same direction.

The craft soon spread all over civilized Europe, each country stamping upon it the impress of its own national character. In their turn, the American craftsmen succeeded in evolving a distinctive style, which is simple and graceful in motif. It is from these early designs that work for modern residences is being made by American craftsmen and by the more ambitious commercial workers in iron.

Died While Reading

The artist, John Singer Sargent, was found dead in bed one morning in 1925 on the eve of sailing for the United States. Beside him lay an open volume of the "Dictionnaire Philosophique" of Voltaire. His glasses had been pushed up over his brow; he looked as if he were just taking a nap. Twenty years died with his Shakespeare open at "Cymbeline." Macaulay, the historian, was found dead with the Cornhill magazine before him open at the first chapter of Thackeray's "Lord the Widower." Mark Twain had been reading Carlyle's "French Revolution" when he died. There are worse ways of dying, but we should have to leave a good book unfinished.—Exchange.

Radio in Paper Plant

Maine paper manufacturers have been employing the radio to test the quality (thinness, thickness, dampness) of paper produced. A radio fan, experimenting with paper to throw the set out of tune, discovered that the thickness, or other characteristics of the paper, produced a measurable difference in the regulation of the dial. The result has been the installation in several paper plants of a specially prepared radio apparatus on the paper machines to test the moisture content of papers, the radio reporting to the machine tender whether the paper is being dried to the exact extent required.

Bottle Letter Delivered

Unable to communicate with the mainland because heavy seas kept the relief ship from the lighthouse he was tending, the keeper of Dhu Hartach lighthouse, off the coast of Scotland, recently wrote a letter to a friend in Errol, Scotland. He placed it in a bottle with a note asking the finder to mail it. The bottle was found floating in the sea four days later by John Black, a farmer, who mailed the missive. Owing to delay in the mails, the letter was delivered in Errol, within sight of Dhu Hartach, three weeks after it was written.

Already Educated

In one of the schools in the northern part of the city, Belle Ryan, assistant superintendent of schools, was conducting an intelligence test on a group of youngsters.

One little boy, age six, was asked the hypothetical question:

"Suppose you left home for school some morning and it would start to rain. What would you do?"

Without a moment's hesitation the youngster replied:

"I'd call a taxi."—Omaha World-Herald.

Reason Enough

He is a man of means, a well-groomed fellow who has reached what we might call the favorable fifty. He spends quite a lot of his time strolling around at his factories. He lives, however, in the smallest town in which he owns a factory. Recently while he was visiting a rather nice certain friend of his the friend remarked: "But why do you stay in such a one horse town?"

"Perhaps because I happen to be the horse," he replied modestly.

NOT THAT AT ALL

"My dear sir," said the specialist after a careful examination, "what you need is plenty of exercise. In a case like yours there is nothing better than the motor. It will—"

"But, doctor," interrupted the patient, with a hopeless gesture, "I can't afford one!"

"Didn't tell you to!" snapped the specialist. "I mean to dodge 'em!"—Weekly Scotsman.

No Middle Course

It seems that one chap rushed up to another one more or less excitedly and cried out, "Blinks the lawyer is dead! They found him lying on his back!"

"Blinks?" queried the other calmly. "It can't be the same man. If it was Blinks he'd be lying on either one side or the other."—Boston Beacon.

A KIND OF MUSICIAN



"Why do you call her a kind of musician?"

"Oh, she's always adding with something about her dress."

Bad Investment

He laid his money on the shelf, And let the wealth redouble. And finally he bought himself A million's worth of trouble.

Exceedingly Cautious

"Our minister is so good that he won't even perform a marriage ceremony."

"What's that got to do with his being good?"

"He says his conscience won't let him participate in any games of chance."

A Helping Hand

Grocer—How much wages do you expect, Dinah?

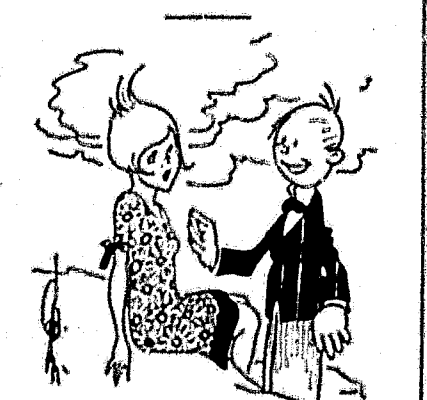
Dinah (looking big-eyed at the large force of clerks employed)—Ah reckon, boss, when yo gets through payin' off yo kin jus' gimme what yo-all has left an' Ah'll try to make out!

Thoughtful Bobby

Uncle—Hello, Bobby; you look very thoughtful this morning. What are you thinking about?

Bobby—I was just wondering if a wasp got on a nettle, would the nettle sting the wasp.

GRAND VIEW



He—Isn't the view grand from here?

She—It ought to be, you're looking my way.

Getting Into the Game

The bulls and bears perform in sunshine and in storm. The little lamb draws near And wants to play—Poor Bear!

This Business World

First Business Man—Was the conference a success? What did you decide?

Second Business Man—It was great. We've decided to have another conference next week.

Quite a Job

"Sandwich, eh? Ecce terra—hum items—ugh," the man was muttering. "What's up?" asked the handy interlocutor.

"I'm auditing my wife's budget."

Insignificant

Mr. Dubleigh—I should really like to see myself as others see me. You know.

Miss Pert—You wouldn't give yourself a second glance.

Just Natural

Turner—Do you think that I am acting the fool?

Mrs. Turner—Now, John, you know you never could act.

Making Up for It

The Mrs.—You don't give me as handsome presents as you used to.

The Mr.—No; but I pay for those you give me.

Pupils Like School Now

In the old days it was generally believed that children had to be forced to go to school. Probably it was true in many cases; schools were not always all they might have been, and there was generally a great deal that the average school teacher did not know about handling children. Today, however, according to the federal bureau of education, all of this has been changed. The school is a magnet now, especially in the big cities. It has been made interesting; the child finds it is actually good fun to learn things. This represents a great advance. For all our bragging about the old-fashioned "little red schoolhouse," a lot of people entered adult life woefully uneducated. When you can make study an interesting game, you can transmit a much better education.

"Use your horn! that's what it's for," is the advice of an experienced driver to motorists in an effort to prevent automobile accidents, remarks the Lebanon Reporter. He urges them not to steal up from behind people without some signal of this kind. They are to use it whenever the slightest occasion demands it. But they should also be urged to use their heads, and what is supposed to be in them. They should give evidence also of some consideration for the rights of others on the road; they should keep in mind that public highways are not private lanes and some one is always likely to drive into their path from some side street or road. There are many things which motorists must keep in mind if automobile accidents are to be averted. In the speech of the motorist there ought to be no such word as "unexpected." The unexpected is the very thing they ought to expect.

On the streets of our cities the horse is now rare enough to attract attention. It is possible that a generation hence the horse on our farms may dispute with the ox for the prize of rarity, says the Providence Journal. But that time has not yet come, and the animal which in the days of chivalry, as Charles Sumner said, had an "importance more than human" still has work to do before he is left hopelessly in the rear by the march of invention. Step by step with the disappearance of the horse follows that of the pedestrians, and the day may dawn when, so far as locomotion is concerned, both "the strength of the horse" and "the legs of a man" will be relegated to the limbo of curiosities.

A current cable dispatch from Mar-selles, which tells of the arrival there of the former maharajah of Indore and his Maharanee, the former Nancy Ann Miller, of Seattle, contains this teasing insufficient information: "The maharajah's right eye was a trifle discolored when the couple walked arm in arm down the gangplank of the City of Daroda. This was explained as the result of a slight injury." Yes, yes, go on! How was the injury sustained? Was it, by any chance, a part of the ritual deemed necessary to make her worthy of her high-caste Hindu mate, or did she merely walk into a prosaic door or something? We should have complete details here or none at all.

Whatever they decide about the feet of the eagle on the quarter dollar, the coin will continue to purchase practically the same amount of merchandise, which is the thing that interests most of us chiefly. Who keeps a quarter long enough to look at the bird's claws, anyhow?

The trout represents an aristocracy among fish. No distinguished fly-casser admits any respect for the humble yet palatable eel. Yet no motion picture could find a more compelling subject than the landing and disengaging of an eel.

A new phase of Two Dromis mix-ups appeared in Milwaukee when twin young men who look exactly alike were convicted of forgery. To prevent penitentiary comedies of errors they were sent to different prisons.

The President is it in declining an invitation to fly. Aviation is only relatively safe, after all, and the life of the head of the nation is not for him to tifle with so long as a greater obligation exists.

It is probably a little late in the season for a big senate investigation of the naturalist who said the common earthworm is the greatest friend of the American farmer.

A girl who would like to be seen in something that nobody else wears should try a pair of cotton stockings.

There is no longer a "darkest Russia." The searchlight of civilization is frankly demanded.

For one man who sees the world as worse than it is, luckily there are two who see it as better.

EAST BETHEL

Mrs. Irving Kimball of Boston, Mass., is spending several weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Holt.

Mr. and Mrs. Ceylon Kimball and family recently called on friends at Lovell.

Mrs. Reed Tracy and family of Lawrence, Mass., are visiting her sister, Mrs. Edgar Coolidge.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Brown of Oxford have moved into William G. Holt's rent, formerly the Jonas place.

Miss Esther Holt is attending Chautauqua at Bethel, and is a guest of Mrs. Parker Conner.

Leroy Holt of Nepesmet, Mass., is spending a part of his vacation here.

Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland Bartlett and three children of Framingham, Mass., are now being entertained for a two weeks vacation with Mrs. Etta Bartlett.

Mr. and Mrs. Lester Bean have returned from Massachusetts and are staying with his mother, Mrs. Octavia Bean, at the old homestead.

Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Putman of West Peru, Mr. and Mrs. Roger Sloane of Lewiston, Charles Rich of St. Albans, Vt., and Mrs. Mabel Godwin from Rum-ford Falls were recent callers at Mr. and Mrs. John L. Holt's.

Miss Dora Greenwood has gone to Massachusetts where she will attend school.

Alec Greenwood and family from Massachusetts were week end guests of Guy Bartlett and family.

A good servant makes a good master.

EAST STONEHAM

Several have attended Madcliffe Chautauqua at Waterford and reported a very interesting program.

Vacation School closes Friday, Aug. 10, with a picnic at Lake Keewaydin, also an exhibition of the work of the children at the vestry.

Miss Christine Nelson has been visiting her aunt at South Waterford.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Stearns visited their daughter, Mrs. Pratt, at South Paris last Sunday. Their granddaughter, Miss Alecie Pratt, returned with them for a week's visit.

The annual Church Fair will be held August 9. Supper will be served at the Vestry at 6:30. The sale of fancy articles, aprons, etc., will be held at K. of P. Hall in the afternoon and evening. The usual fine program will be given in the evening.

Henry Sanderson of Waterford and Perley Grover of East Stoneham with W. H. Brown's teams conveyed the camp girls from Camp Madjockewis, Lovell to Bald Face Mountain in Stone. They started Tuesday morning and returned Thursday afternoon.

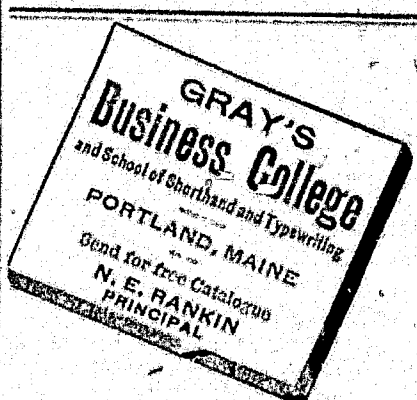
Mrs. Cora Wentworth Dudley who has visited relatives and friends here returned to home in Washington, D. C., last week. Stoneham was her birthplace but she moved away about fifty years ago, visiting here only a few times since.

Mrs. Ida Titus has finished work for E. B. McAlister. Mr. and Mrs. Titus have gone to Conway, N. H., to live.

A stumble may prevent a fall.

That's a Different Thing
It is a creditable thing to have a clean record—unless it is merely a blank one.—Boston Transcript.

Desperate cuts must have desperate cures.



Heating and Plumbing

All Work Promptly Cared For by a Competent Plumber

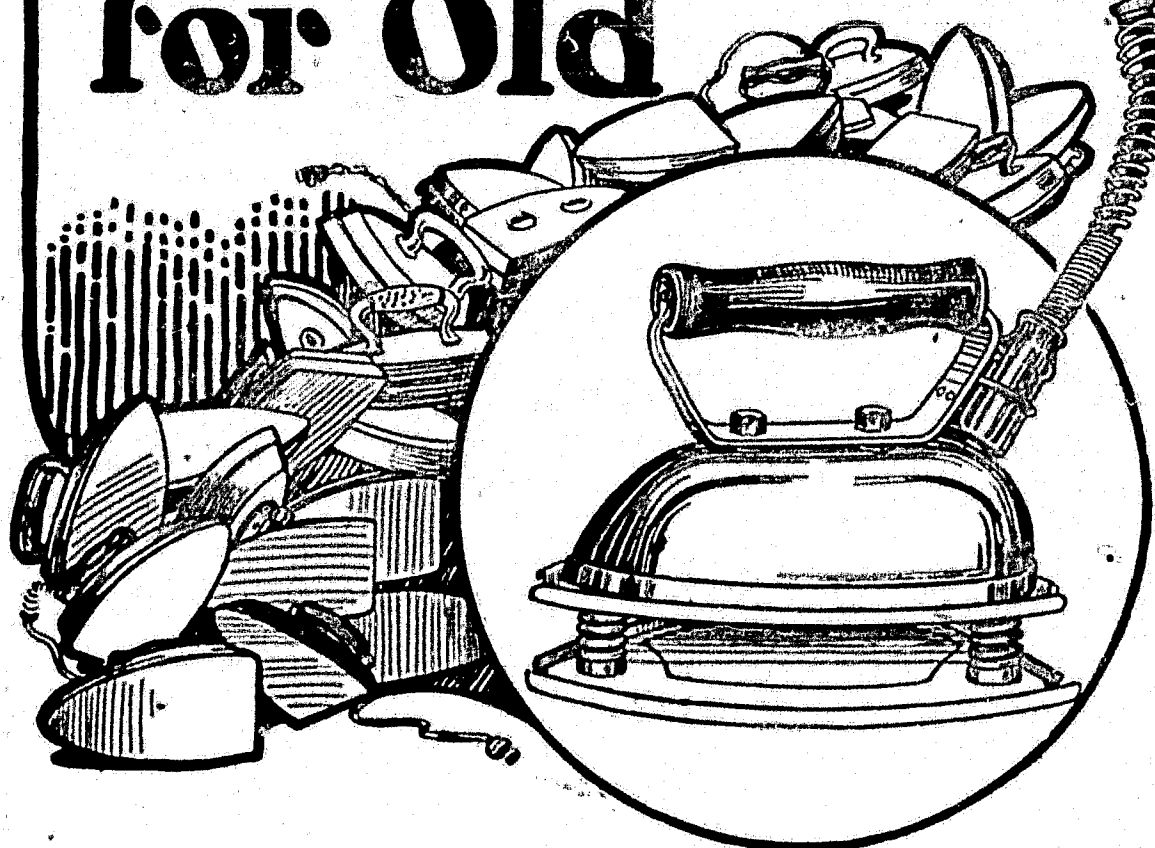
All Work Guaranteed

Supplies of All Kinds on Hand

H. Alton Bacon

Bryant's Pond, Maine

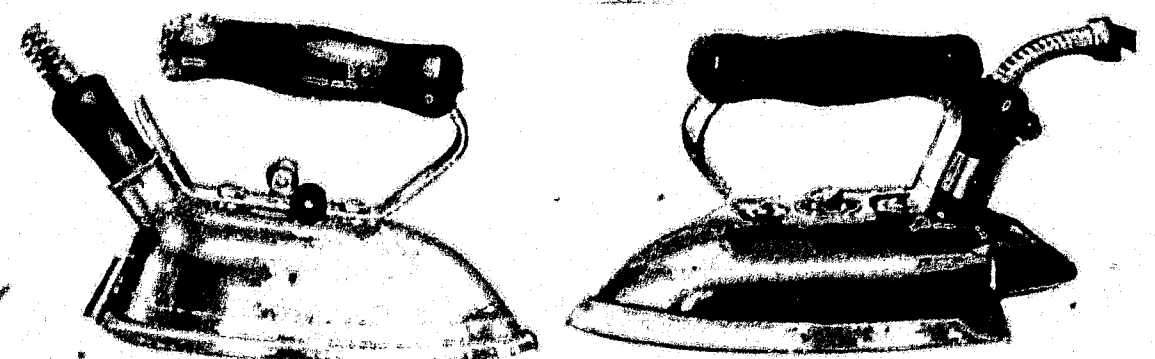
New Irons for Old



\$1.50 for your old Flatiron

when turned in toward either--

Universal Safety Iron or Westinghouse Automatic Iron



The Universal Safety Iron, the iron with the famous round heel and temperature control at your finger tips. Irons backward or sideways as easily as forward—has no sharp corners or edges.....wrinkleproof. A little switch at the tip of your fingers to snap on till the desired temperature is reached.....then with the same easy movement of the fingers and you turn it off. IF YOU FORGET TO TURN IT OFF—WHEN IT REACHES A CERTAIN TEMPERATURE, IT AUTOMATICALLY SWITCHES OFF THE CURRENT—freeing your mind from all worry of overheating, fire scorching, etc.

No need to fear leaving the iron when the telephone rings or the baby cries. No need to remove and replace the plug. No time wasted in the usual "fussing" with the older types of irons, for the Westinghouse has a "Built-in Watchman" which is constantly on the job watching although you may have forgotten, keeping the temperature at just the right degree—ready and waiting for you.

Save \$1.50 NOW!

Both of these irons are nationally advertised to sell at a regular price of \$7.75. They are our largest sellers and are recognized as the best that money can buy. But with our annual summer offer of allowing \$1.50 for your old iron (any kind or condition) you get one of these famous irons for \$6.25.

This offer is good until August-31

Central Maine Power Company

At any of our stores

NORTH NEWRY

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Vail have had for visitors the past week Mrs. Vail's sister and husband, Mr. and Mrs. Gilkey.

A Tire for the Car You Plan to Sell

If you are going to sell your car or trade it in, but want a tire or two to see you through—drop in, we have just what you want. We'll sell you Goodyear Pathfinders.

Here is a fine, quality-made tire at a price in proportion to the value of the car you plan to dispose of.

We're here 365 days in the year for — SERVICE.

Central Service Station
J. B. CHAPMAN, Prop.
Main Street, Bethel, Maine

of Colebrook, N. H. Miss Carrie Wight spent several days in Upton this last week the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Elna Lane.

Frankie Lane was in town the middle of the week.

Miss Ruth Brink who has been away for several days returned home Sunday. Her grandmother, Mrs. Ella Brown, accompanied her.

Quite a number attended the chorus rehearsal Friday evening at the church. The Pictures and Lecture on China given by Mr. Hanson were both very interesting and enjoyed by all present.

All thought it would be fine if we could have these pictures and talks on different countries every Friday evening, to which all are welcome.

Next Sunday, August 11, Mr. Hal-dane will be with us for the church services and Mr. Hanson will be in Errol.

Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Wight attended the meeting of the Republican County Committee, Tuesday afternoon at Paris. Mrs. Wight is on the Town Committee.

Clifford Buckman has sold his property on the Branch to Ole Olson.

L. E. Wight, F. W. Wight and M. A. Paine attended the meeting of the Maine Livestock Breeders' Association at Hiram Farm, Rumford, Saturday.

Frank Perren and Miss Linthe Knapp were dinner guests Sunday of Mrs. L. E. Wight.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Ferren and L. E. Wight and family took an auto trip to Massachusetts, Monday.

Albert Morton is visiting his sister in Rumford.

L. E. Wight, Fred Wight, J. B. Vail and H. H. Morton attended the fish and game meeting at Norway Friday.

Mrs. Frank Vail went to Calais Friday to join her husband, who has employment there.

Chester Ranger, J. B. Vail and Herbert Morton went to Upton picked fishing Saturday.

Quite a number from this place attended the pictures at Bethel Saturday night.

Ruth Brink is visiting relatives in Bristol, N. H.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Morton and son, Elwyn, and daughter, Lucy, and Dora Hutchins of Andover were callers at Herbert Morton's Sunday.

Mrs. Maud Walker is visiting relatives in town.

Walker's mill has been shut down for a few days for repairs.

Mr. and Mrs. Saunders are boarding at Joe Guilmond's.

SOUTH WATERFORD

Mrs. Ida B. Riggs has been enjoying a visit from her cousin, Mrs. Angio Witt, of Worcester, Mass. Mrs. Witt is 84 years old and remarkably active.

Mrs. Charles has been with her sister, Mrs. Riggs, for the week too.

Mrs. Alice Warren has spent a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Hamlin, this past week. She has enjoyed the various programs at the Chautauqua. Mr. Warren came for her on Saturday returning to their home in Portland on Sunday.

Henry Haynes has had a bad gripe cold, so he was unable to attend a good part of the Chautauqua programs which he so enjoyed.

Chautauqua has been unusually good this year, but not so largely attended as in preceding years. Saturday night a nice supper was served in Masonic Hall by the circle, and a large crowd was present to enjoy the supper.

Mahlon Rogers, who is in the Central Maine General Hospital in Lewiston, is getting on very well.

Mrs. Leon Willard returned from Portland on Thursday after spending two weeks there on business.

Mrs. Beechin and two boys of Springfield, Mass., have been visiting her father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. A. Floyd, this past week.

Dr. Watson, while returning to Haverhill, Mass., this past week, had the misfortune to have some joy riders run into him, cleaning one of his mud guards from his car. They were traveling so fast that Harry did not get their number. No doubt they can be classed with the "hit and run" individuals. Harry was lucky it was no worse.

Misses Gladys and Margaret MacKeen and brother, Laurence, arrived at their aunt's, Mrs. W. J. Greene's, on Saturday from their Canadian trip to their home in Nova Scotia, also another nephew Claude MacKeen, and lady friend, Miss Ethel Chittick, of Hyde Park, Mass., came the same night. All returned home to Massachusetts on Sunday.

Miss Avery of Haverhill, Mass., is visiting her friend, Miss Agnes Watson. She came with Dr. Watson on his return from Haverhill the past week.

Roland Gerry of Pittsburg, Pa., arrived in town by motor on Monday. He is stopping at the old Gerry home with his niece, Mrs. Marguerite. Kuhn and family.

Not many ladies gathered for the day of sewing with Mrs. Bell on Thursday but they were quick workers and a pleasant day was spent. All were sorry to hear of Harriet Smith's illness which made it impossible for the presence of these good friends. Harriet is again better.

Services Sunday morning were held in the Chautauqua tent at Waterford. Dr. George W. Green of the Hyde Park Congregational Church was the speaker. He gave us a fine description of a real Christian.

Dr. Hamilton, a summer guest in town, presided at the piano.

Maudie Atherton of Atherton Cottage recently entertained her friends, Mr. and Mrs. Parks of Providence, R. I. During their stay Miss Atherton took a four days' trip through the White Mountains to Canada. Miss Gertrude Miller of Providence is visiting at the Atherton Cottage. Miss M. E. has been dietitian in the Providence Hospital for several years.

Monday, Mrs. A. A. Monroe and Ethel motored to Portland for the day. Mr. Morrison, husband of Mrs. Guil-low Morrison of Bridgton, has recently undergone an operation on his hip in a hospital in Portland. All friends are hoping for his speedy recovery.

Several have picked cucumbers during the past week but Charles Chaplin on Blackguard seems to have them beaten for he picked eight good sized ones on Thursday, August 2nd.

The farmers are still making their hay between drops. Some are more successful in the particular art of hay-making.

Mrs. Edith Elliot of Windham Centre and Mrs. Agnes Rhoads of St. Cloud, Fla., spent the day Wednesday with their friends, Mrs. A. A. Monroe and daughter, Ethel. Mrs. Elliot and Mrs. Rhoads will motor to Florida early in October.

Mrs. L. H. Muller has been caring for the housework and little Albert for the past two weeks. Smart only at the age of over 51 years. Last Sunday Mr. and Mrs. Joe Quin and two children of Westbrook were week end guests of Mrs. Quin's brother, John Muller.

Freeman Hagood is able to go back in the store but far from back to his normal health.

Saturday, August 11th, is regular Grange meeting. Jennie Sanderson is at the head of the program committee with Horace Gardner, Mary Gardner, and Hall for helpers. We hear a good Emma Miller, Jennie Haynes, and the program is in preparation. Question: "Which are the more responsible for the success of the Grange, the officers or the members?" to be opened by Jennie Sanderson. Come and be prepared to talk on this question.

Mrs. Alice Wolfe gains slowly and is able to ride out in the car some.

Ella Rice spent the week end with her cousin, Annie Gardner.

Sunday callers at Mrs. A. A. Monroe's were Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smith and daughter Blanche of Cornish, Miss Mary H. Proctor of Worcester, Mass. Mrs. Smith and Miss Proctor are nieces of Mrs. Monroe.

Albert Nelson of Stoneham is helping his uncle, Charles Nelson, for a time.

Posters are out for the sale to be held by the ladies of the community on Friday, August 17. Aprons, comforters, pillows, fancy work, miscellane-

WEST SUMNER

There will be services in the Universalist Church next Sunday at 10:45. Sunday School at 9:30. Edith Ellingwood, Supt., assisted by Miss Ruth Miller. Speaker Wilburn L. Miller.

Teachers have been assigned for the schools in Sumner as follows: West Sumner, Mrs. Gladys Adams; Morrill, Mrs. Sadie Adams; Pleasant Pond, Vera Bonney; Redding, Mrs. Hubert Ral-ling; East Sumner, Mrs. Verna Cole; Sumner Hill, Ellen Spaulding. The Doble school will be closed and the scholars from that district will be conveyed to the Pleasant Pond school.

Miss Ruby Chandler will teach the Whiting school in Hartford.

Lincoln Burnham has moved his family to Rumford Center and Mr. Burnham is working in the paper mill at Rumford.

Mr. and Mrs. James Boyle were in Biddeford and Old Orchard Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. R. N. Stetson and Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Pulsifer attended the Cattle Breeders Association meeting at Rumford Saturday.

Norwood Ford was home from Bethel over the week end.

Mrs. Belle Heath went to Lewiston Saturday to have the cast removed from her arm. She has to wear a cast for six weeks longer. Her arm is doing fine.

Clayton Lothrop has purchased a new Whippet.

Odell Heath has bought a Ford.

Vera Bonney returned home Friday from Farmington Normal Summer School.

Velma Bonney of Auburn spent the week end with her parents.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Heath visited over the week end with Mr. and Mrs. Ellis Doble, West Paris.

Mr. and Mrs. Florian Jordan and daughter, Ada, of Buckfield were guests the past week of Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Ford.

Mrs. Zadi Barrett is visiting in Farmington.

SUNDAY RIVER

Leon Enman has purchased a new car.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Powers, Harry Williamson, Mrs. Adelbert Wilson, Anson Kendall, and Richard Williamson went to the Lakes fishing one day recently.

Mrs. Gardner Brown spent a day with Mrs. Robert Foster recently.

Lon Wight called on Robert Foster one day last week.

Lucile and Richard Carreau have returned from Rumford.

Mrs. Adelbert Wilson has returned to her home in Cambridge, Mass. Mrs. Jos Spinning returned with her.

Hazen Sweeney had the misfortune to meet with an accident while on his way to work Monday morning. In order to avoid colliding with another car he ran into a tree damaging his car to some extent.

Frank Wilson met with a painful accident last week when he sustained a cut on the face.

Gardiner Brown is assisting Robert Foster in laying.

Mr. Lord from Rumford Center was in town recently. He is to do some repair work on the Lower Schoolhouse.

"TWO GIRLS WANTED"

Brings Nydia Westman to Lakewood in Her Original Role

By a special arrangement with John Golden, famous exponent of wholesome plays, Nydia Westman will begin an engagement at Lakewood next week in her most recent Broadway success, "Two Girls Wanted".

Mr. Golden, under whose management Miss Westman appears, considers Miss Westman one of his most valuable stars, and he is loaning her to The Lakewood Players for the purpose of providing her with a theatrical holiday.

For seven years Miss Westman has been playing constantly in Golden productions, including three years in "Lightnin'", with Frank Bacon, two years as star of "Big" and two years in "Two Girls Wanted". It was during her second year in "Big" that Mr. Golden elevated her to stardom, and although she is but a mere slip of a girl, scarcely out of her teens, she is considered one of the most promising actresses among the younger group of American stars.

"Two Girls Wanted", which just closed a run of two years in New York, Philadelphia and Chicago, is considered her outstanding success. This is a comedy-drama by Gladys Lager, whose name has been associated with a number of New York's most popular offerings. It is an appealing story of freshness and charm smartly set against a background of society and "big business", affording an evening of clean,

conscious articles, mystery, tables, home cooking, and ice cream will be on sale afternoon and evening. A supper is to be served and during the evening a good program is to be rendered. You are sure to enjoy it all.

Mrs. Perry's catalpa tree is in full bloom now, and it is indeed a very pretty sight.

Edna Robbins has just returned from a week's visit with her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Irwin Robbins, in Norway.

The quarantine was taken off "Camp Wigwag" on Tuesday, July 31st. We are all thankful to know that no other case of meningitis developed.

Fred Burgess and Miss Ethel Sweet were guests at W. W. Abbott's Monday night. They came from Lewiston where Miss Sweet is attending Summer School at Bates College.

continuous, uninterrupted enjoyment.

Mr. Golden, who counts his successes by the dozen, is sending the original costumes and some of the more intricate properties for this production.

Ten of Lakewood's most popular players including Ellen Dorr, Ruth Gates, Donald Dillaway, Robert Hudson, Virginia Chauvenet, Samuel T. Godfrey, Leslie Cooley and other favorites will support Miss Westman. The comedy requires three distinctive settings.

"Two Girls Wanted" is different from any production seen at Lakewood this summer, and, with the remarkable cast assembled for it, will be one of the outstanding plays of the summer season.

R. C. DUNHAM

Radio and Music

BETHEL - - - MAINE

Our Classified Column Brings Results

Extra Value Giving

in a

Coat Sale



The possibility of owning a coat such as we are offering at the prices quoted below, should interest every woman who is anxious to spend her money where it will buy most.

Coats that were \$12.00, \$18.00 and \$25.00

Now \$8.00 to \$20.00

EDWARD P. LYON
BETHEL, MAINE

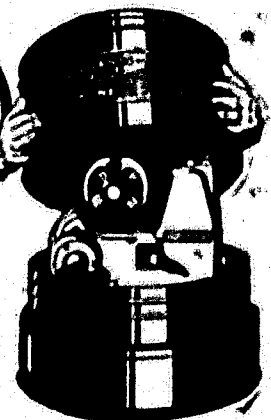


Save Time and Work

For a quick meal any time, order an assortment of our ready cooked meats. It will save you work as well as time to serve them regularly.

BEAN & FOX CO.
BETHEL, MAINE

Never before a home water system value like this!



A TRIUMPH in home water plant building! A new big-capacity system. A new low price—the lowest ever placed on a plant of this capacity. A system that brings all running water comforts and conveniences within reach of EVERY home!

Only \$20 down

\$5 per month. Don't be without the convenience of running water a day longer. The Fairbanks-Morse plant makes it easy for you to install this system of peace. Pay twenty dollars down—then five dollars a month. Ask for full details. Come in and see a demonstration!

FAIRBANKS-MORSE
Home Water Systems

C. L. DAVIS

Bethel

Maine

Fairbanks-Morse Products "Every Line a Leader"

August is Clean-up Month

ROWE'S like any other store has a certain amount of summer merchandise that we are going to sell even if we only get one half or one quarter of what it cost us. So starting tomorrow we will have a CLEAN-UP SALE devoted to thrift and economy. Every department contributes liberally to this Savings Event and we can confidently say the values offered have never before been equaled in our entire history. Our customers will find this a most advantageous time to purchase—it's their signal to choose New Summer Goods at EXTRAORDINARY SAVINGS. VALUES—marvelous unsuspected ones will reward the Thrift-wise who shop at ROWE'S during the next week. Price tags during this sale will tell the sweetest story ever told.

BARGAIN and VALUES GALORE

The Radio Corporation

ANNOUNCES

Radiolas 60, 62 and 64
and New Loud Speaker No. 103

Don't buy a new Radio until you have investigated these new models.

CROCKETT'S GARAGE

STILL REPAIRING AUTOS

NICE LIGHT WORKSHOP

ALONG LIFE'S TRAIL

By THOMAS ARKLE CLARK
Dean of Men, University of Illinois

DISTINCT SPEECH



In general it is safe to say that when one speaks he should do so in such a clear and distinct manner as to be understood. There may be instances when irritated or excited or contented with sudden disaster one utters under his breath words or sentences which he would as lief his wife or the children or the boss did not hear, but these are times of stress and it were all teachers of speech come down heavily upon the principle that distinctness of utterance is essential to any successful speech. Generally we want to understand what people are trying to say to us.

I came out to Evanston on the elevated not long ago. I am only fairly well acquainted with the stations on the way, and I am never quite certain how many stops there are before one arrives at Central street. I sat near the conductor and tried to make out what sounds he was attempting to utter. I have some physical weaknesses, but deafness is not one of them. I was never able to understand the name of a single station. There was a pause and silence at each stop while the passengers were getting on and getting off. I was sure that I might have taken advantage of it in connecting the next station but this opportunity did not make any appeal to me. It was not until the conductor of screaming doors and rattling brakes and the roll of wheels was at its height that he got around to stating the name of the next station.

Only in the United States are the authorities in the United States on this particular subject. He is called in by all sorts of organizations to give advice and suggestions. As a lecturer in college, however, he is almost a total loss. He drops his head when he talks and his sentences fade away into almost complete silence. No one in his classes beyond the third row has the slightest idea what he is talking about. He might as well be speaking to himself as English for all the students get. Some one must take him to task and teach him to speak distinctly.

(In the Western Newspaper Union)

SOCIETY DIRECTORY

A cordial invitation is extended to strangers who belong to any of these organizations to visit meetings when in town.

BETHEL LODGE, No. 57, F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall the second Thursday evening of every month. John Harrington, W. M.; Fred B. Merrill, Secretary.

YOUTH CHAPTER, No. 102, O. E. B., meets in Masonic Hall the first Wednesday evening of each month. Mrs. Gertrude Meyer, W. M.; Mrs. Emily Foster, Secretary.

MY ABRAHAM LODGE, No. 31, I. O. O. F., meets in their hall every Friday evening. C. O. Bennett, W. G. Arthur, Secretary.

SUNSET RECREATION LODGE, No. 44, I. O. O. F., meets in Old Fellows' Hall the first and third Monday evenings of each month. Olive Austin, W. G.; Mrs. Emily Foster, Secretary.

RUDDY LODGE, No. 32, K. of P., meets in Orange Hall the first and third Tuesdays of each month. Leroy Andrews, C. C.; Kenneth Meland, K. of A. and H.

NAUOMI TEMPLE, No. 61, PYTHIAN SISTERS, meets the second and fourth Monday evenings of each month at Orange Hall. Mrs. Jennie Mitchell, M. E. C.; Mrs. Constance Wheeler, M. of H. C.

BROWN POST, No. 81, O. A. R., meets at Old Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursdays of each month. A. M. Reed, Commander; J. A. Brown, Adjutant; L. S. Hallett, Q. M.

BROWN, W. R. C., No. 26, meets in Old Fellows' Hall the second and fourth Thursday evenings of each month. Mrs. Lottie Jones, President; Mrs. Lillian Hulse, Secretary.

GERMANY A. MENTY POST, No. 81, AMERICAN LEGION, meets the second and fourth Tuesday of each month in its rooms. J. M. Harrington, Commander; Charles Taylor, Adjutant.

COL. C. A. EDWARDS CAMP, NO. 12, R. of V., meets first Thursday of each month in the Legion rooms. L. A. Bennett, Commander; Carl L. Brown, Secretary.

RYTHM ORANGE, No. 6, P. of H., meets in their hall the first and third Thursday evenings of each month. L. W. Morse, M. E. M. Harrington, Secretary.

Forest Teachers' Association. Meeting the first Monday of each month at Denmark School during school year. Fred P. B. Reed, Secretary; Mrs. R. B. Thibault.

NOT A CUPBOARD LOVE

(By L. J. Walsh)

JUNE HAYS let her lip with vexation and tossed her hair with impatience. Here she was dressed for Mrs. Mason's bridge party and only to be late, for opposite her old friend Fry was sitting in the winged chair as if she meant never to leave it. It was an unhappy coincidence that just as June about to be about to leave the house old Mrs. Fry should enter. June had been tempted to say, "Oh! I am so sorry, but I am just ready to go to Mrs. Mason's," only she knew how Mrs. Fry felt about Mrs. Mason. In order to protect Mrs. Mason from scathing denunciations she had sunk upon the sofa and faced her visitor with a smile.

"You look real nice," said Miss Fry rocking sociably. She was a thin old woman with a long upper lip and shrewd dark gray eyes which watched her every move. "Did Jessie Pratt make your dress or did you buy it? Oh, you got it in the city. Well, now I was thinking Jessie couldn't have done that elaborate edging on her pleated machine. But she sews well enough to suit me. I don't pretend to be stylish and I know just how bad Jessie needs every cent she can get hold of now her pen is so poorly. That's because a lot of folks will follow that Mrs. Mason now that she's undertaken to start the fashion here in Bethelville."

June flushed and tried to laugh at all that speech implied. "Of course," went on Miss Fry thoughtfully, "you've got to neighbor with the Masons because you live so close to them—but I can do as I please about it. Not that I begrudge them their fun, only I do wish they'd be a little more quiet about it. Lotty Edwards never slept a wink last night because of the racket that went on at the Masons till long after midnight. Lotty is frightful nervous. She says if the Masons stay she is going to sell her house. I wouldn't do that no matter how much noise they made. As I said, I've nothing against them except—"

"I hate to see you so taken up with them that you don't have a minute for your old neighbors."

"I'm not speaking entirely for myself," Miss Fry hastened on. "There's Mrs. Alcott and Jenny Reynolds. They haven't got good time to get to see you with I have and I shall keep on coming yet as long as I can let me in. You know, June, I thought a sight of your mother and I sort of promised to look after you. Not that you need me with such a man as you've got. But I do want you to feel I come to see you for your own sake and not just because I am a cupboard lover."

"A cupboard lover?" June asked sharply. "A cupboard lover. It's an old story about a woman who had lots of company just because she always kept her cupboard full of good things to eat. She sort of caught on and cleaned out her cupboard and then she didn't have any more company. You see she found out what her friends were. Well, I see you're getting uneasy to go home close to the house. But I'll come again. Here as my name's Mary Ann Fry."

The old woman rose and walked to the door. She turned as if she would say something more, but after a look at June she went out silently.

June, angry and flushed, caught up her coat and hurried to her appointment. Mrs. Mason received her with a kiss. She was a cream-colored woman, large, handsome.

"I sent for you to come early, before the others, so we could have a bit of talk," she said.

June was blushed with pleasure. How nice to be singled out this way for some special confidence.

"You see," went on Mrs. Mason, studying a highly pink finger nail, "Harlow's brother and his wife are coming to visit us. Harlow's brother is secretary and treasurer of the C. B. J. company—of course, you've heard of that. His wife was a De Payster. Of course, you've heard of them. Her mother-in-law is certainly the most exclusive person I ever saw—as she has a right to be. I said to Harlow over the telephone this morning that I was so glad I could depend upon one person at least to cooperate with me in our retaining our guests. I am going to give a luncheon—I don't know how successful it will be in a town as small as this with no facilities for ice and sea food travel than the city—"

"Anything I can do—" murmured June, her eyes sparkling. She knew that "the one person at least" was herself. How wonderful to be so intimate terms with Mrs. Mason! It would be expected of her to do something for the great Emmergilde. Let's see. She could give a tea. That she could manage. But she must have a few more for the luncheon. Timmy won't object naturally, with the pay week due on the house—but she had never yet failed to get her own way with her husband. Meanwhile—"I hope you won't hesitate to ask me for any help I can give," she said, touching Mrs. Mason's plump hand.

"Oh, my dear! That's just what I wanted to say!"

Two days later the guests arrived. June poured from the window and was impressed as the entrance of Mrs. J. Mason. Mrs. Mason was De Payster. She was a woman of great social standing.

She wanted to borrow June's Mexican lace table set for the luncheon. June loaned it freely, along with her few bits of cut glass and her Dresden coffee cups. Suppose these things did constitute Timmy's wealthier friends? Was she not going to that luncheon? At least she supposed she was, although she had not been asked yet. However, her track was ready. It had come hard, for Timmy had something more than objected.

Not until the last moment did she realize that she was left out of the luncheon party. Her hope faded. Behind her curtains she looked out bewildered and hurt, at the gathering guests. There were eight or more, coming in cars. She recognized the Hoffs who had a year-round house outside the town, the Pryors who had a suite at the best hotel, the Valls from the Knoll. Not a neighbor among them. Mrs. Mason had reached over the heads of her friends to cull the town's grandest.

If there could be any solace for June it lay in the fact that she was no worse snubbed than the others. But she suffered one pang. These high-nosed people were sitting over her own Mexican lace table cover and drinking coffee from her Dresden cups.

Next day when Mrs. Mason returned she borrowed articles, she seemed a little downcast. Her guests were gone. Harlow's brother had hoped as a representative of the C. B. J. company to sell stock to Mr. Pryor and Mr. Valt, and the rich Valls. But what was the luncheon was for. They had not blundered. Of course, she didn't say just that but June gathered the fact from their conversation. It had all been very expensive and tiresome. The whole affair had not paid. Thus Mrs. Mason sighed.

After she had gone June examined her treasures. There was a hole in the Mexican lace where a hot ash had dropped from a cigar, the cut glass bowl was cracked, a Dresden cup cracked. It was with a heavy heart she put the things away.

Then suddenly she remembered that old Mrs. Fry had been sitting for several days. She had heard about it on the eve of the luncheon. She packed a little basket with her best jar of guava jelly, the breast of chicken she was serving for a king, her last precious loaf of fruit cake and a drawing of the impertinent which was the treasure of her cupboard. She topped this basket with the richest bloom from her geraniums and went to see old Mrs. Fry.

As she knocked at the plain door a weak old voice bade her enter. Mrs. Fry sat by the stove wrapped in her quilt. She looked ill, sad. But at sight of June a gleam of light lit her face.

"I was just thinking about you and wishing I could see you," she said. "Legs or no legs, I couldn't get over there."

"You don't have to. I'm coming here now," June said, lending to kiss the delicate cheek.

Then she started the tea party, and when Mrs. Warren and Jessie Pratt came in with certain small offerings in the shape of cookies and rolls, they were induced to stay. "Never did four persons have a merrier time."

No cupboard love about this. June could see that for herself. Hereafter she would cling to the tried and true in her friends and neighbors, and let Mrs. Mason think what she pleased.

Believes Nature Will Change Eye Coloring

In the course of generations there will be no colored people in London—each eye will be changed to brown. That is the prophecy of Dr. William Corbett, an eminent English eye specialist. He is suffering from over civilization, he says. "Our eyes are not constructed for modern purposes. Many more people are affected by eye strain than was the case a few years ago."

According to Doctor Corbett about 25 per cent of the pupils in elementary schools in England have defective vision. They have to wear spectacles. "Our eyes were never intended for educational purposes by nature, but solely for the purpose of self protection," says the specialist. "The native of North Africa has deep brown or black eyes which enable him to stand the glare of the bright sunlight upon the sand. The northern European is equipped only with eyes of gray or blue color. His eyes are intended to receive as much light as is available to the darker northern sunlight. He cannot stand glare. I told that nature will adapt her self and produce a brown-colored, protected iris in the eyes of three generations to come—descended from our modern blue-eyed parents—we shall be more difficult than ever and wear only goggles with colored lenses."

Origin of Word "Tobacco"

It is now generally agreed that the word "tobacco" is derived from "tobago," which was an Indian pipe. Tobacco was a shaped, and usually consisted of a hollow, forged rod, the two prongs of which were fitted into the nostrils, the smoke being drawn from tobacco placed in the end of the stem. The Indian of Tobago, contrary to the belief of many, did not turn the name for tobacco, but, on the other hand, it was given that name by Columbus, owing to its resemblance to the shape of the Indian pipe.

Good Listener

If he can hear you separately in the eye, with every evidence that he is absorbing and digesting your words in the most minute detail and yet not hear a word you say, he is married.—Berthel News

American History Puzzle Picture



Soldiers of the American Infantry charging upon a German trench, an example of the Yankee courage. Find a hidden doughboy.

Sandwiches in Dispute

England is much wrought up over the question as to whether sandwiches really make people "stupid." At a recent educational conference it was stated that in one school, children who brought their own luncheon ate sandwiches "half an inch thick and filled with meat." "If the meals of these children consist of this sort of thing," was the comment, "it is no wonder that their wits are dulled." Workers who relish the bread and meat combination resent being called "dull," and the meat-loving English say the fault is in the diet, if any, must be in eating too much bread.

Rattles Don't Lay Eggs

When anyone speaks of rattlesnakes, give him the laugh. Rattlesnakes do not lay eggs. Along with copperheads, water moccasins and water snakes, they bring forth their young alive. The young snakes are usually born late in summer, from July to September.

Among the snakes whose young are hatched from eggs are the pine snake, hognose, bull snake, and blue racer. The eggs of these species are laid early in summer and the period of incubation varies with climatic conditions.

Les Miserables

The work of a choir director is hard, but it is not wholly without humor. Recently, a man was telling of his experiences with the boy choir of a cathedral in New York. "I was teaching them," he said, "to chant the Litany and flattered myself that we were getting along unusually well when I noticed the words they were chanting for the response. Every last one of them was saying, 'Lord, have mercy upon us, my crable singers! Surely I was true enough of most of them.'"

HOLIDAYS FOR MOTHER

By KATHERINE G. CORNELL
Director of the Kalmator Domestic Institute

HOLIDAYS! How jolly they are! Good things to eat in abundance and plenty of fun for everyone. That is, for everyone but mother—for she, poor, unselfish woman, usually is too busy seeing to the good times for everybody else to think of enjoyment for herself.

Mother bakes the birthday cake for each member of the family. Mother prepares favorite dishes to surprise all the folks. Mother plans the parties and picnics, and mother packs the substantial luncheon baskets. In fact, it is mother who does most of the planning to make everyone happy; and it mother who does most of the work as well.

Mother's Duties Reduced

Big good times now have arrived for mother herself—and not at the expense of the rest of the family either. With the advent of the electric refrigerator in her kitchen, mother may make her plans for days off, for week-end holidays with father, for all-day shopping trips, and for all sorts of gala events. And she may make them with a contented mind, serene in the knowledge that her family is not being neglected while she enjoys herself. For back home, within the cold depths of her electric refrigerator, a bountiful supply of nutritious food all ready to serve is awaiting her return.

In the morning, before she left the house, she prepared the luncheon dishes and placed them in the refrigerator. Then she set the table and left all in readiness for the family's homecoming.

It is a wonderful feeling for mother, this sense of perfect free-

Big Python Resented Invasion of Poacher

There is at least one bush-veldt farmer who is not so keen on poaching as he used to be. One afternoon he fancied a little venison, so he set off with a gun but no license—and disappeared.

It was not until the following Sunday afternoon that a search party discovered his legs protruding from an antelope hole, and extricated him, more dead than alive.

He had wounded a stoepok, and the animal had made a dive for the shelter of the antelope hole. The hunter followed, and, with his head and shoulders underground, just managed to grip the animal.

A frantic jerk on the buck's part, however, wedged the hunter tightly, and his struggles only shifted the loose red sand, so that he was trapped. The most he could do was to twist slightly, allowing a little light to penetrate—wherein he was able to see a python coiled up within a few feet of his face.

The python attacked the strange visitor, but the hunter kept it off by throwing sand in its face, while its efforts to coil itself round him were foiled by the fact that he was tightly wedged in its opening.

For two whole days and nights the hunter and the python thus faced each other until help came in the nick of time.

Binding Vow

A Jewish vow is one which is to be kept regardless of consequences, and is commonly supposed to be derived from the Bible story of Jephthah, the leader of a band of brigands, who, before going into battle against the Ammonites, vowed that if successful he would sacrifice whatever was the first thing to cross the threshold of his own door when he returned triumphant. His daughter was the first one to advance to meet him. It is recorded that he sacrificed her according to his vow.

HOLIDAYS FOR MOTHER



dom, without a single tringe of conscience. And as she shops, or enjoys the latest movie, or attends a concert or a club meeting, she more than once blesses the man who first invented electric refrigerators.

Dishes Prepared in Advance

Mother may plan even a whole day's excursion, if the weather, without subjecting the family to the usual cold bite that is expected when she goes away. In the morning she prepares a hearty and delicious casserole dish, all ready to be popped into the oven for a final browning. She prepares her vegetables, and even "makes sauces to dress them, so that a few moments on the range is all they require to be ready for serving. The electric refrigerator keeps the lettuce crisp and fresh, and the dessert—some simple but delightful creamy mixture—ripens

MIDDLE INTERVALE

Mrs. E. M. Carter and daughter, Rebecca, who have been visiting in Boston and Marblehead, returned home Monday. Mrs. Mary E. Jepson and son Wallace, returned with them to spend a week.

Harry Carter and daughters, Helen and Eleanor, motored to Portland, Friday and returned Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Tibbitts and niece, Miss Margaret Carter, spent the week end with Miss Grace Carter.

Miss Alta Smith of Yonkers, N. Y., has been visiting Mrs. Leslie Davis.

Mrs. Sarah Guntler has been spending the past week with Mrs. Mary J. Capen.

Willis Ward and Stanley Carter spent Saturday at Sebago Lake with Clarence Ward.

Mrs. Douglas Uhlman is boarding with Mrs. Walter Balestine.

Enola Ward is visiting her brother, Willis Ward.

Millard Clough and assistants have been painting Mrs. E. M. Carter's home. Miss Alice Carter has returned to her work at Washington, D. C.

Douglas Uhlman is boarding with C. A. Capen.

NORTH NORWAY

Mrs. Alice Watson, Norway Center, and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Heath and son, Cecil, of Swift's Corner, went to Clark's Mills Saturday to visit Mrs. Ava Watson Ross and family over the week end.

Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Morse and son, Frank, were in Lewiston Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lauren Lord of South Paris and Mr. and Mrs. Charles Foster of Lowell Mass., were callers at E. T. Judkins' Thursday evening.

Miss Guy Curtis of Noble's Corner is in very poor health.

Elmer Hussey, who has been ill for several weeks from the effects of rheumatism, is gaining slowly.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Heath and son, Forest, of Mass., were guests at Emma Packard's, Noble's Corner, one night last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Lucien Frechette of Millettville are stopping at the George Abbott place, Northwest Norway, while cutting the hay there.

Pretty discouraging weather for the farmers who have a lot of hay to cut yet.

Miss Grace Morse joined a party at the village Sunday and motored to Brunswick.

MILTON

Several from here attended Chautauqua at Bryant Pond last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Clifford were callers at Frances Lapham's Saturday evening.

News has been received of the death of John McKean of Rumford.

Jefferson Jackson and son and wife were visitors at Clarence Jackson's last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh Linnell were callers at Clarence Jackson's Saturday afternoon.

Walter Millett is working at Gorham, N. H., carpentering at the present time.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Chase from Long Island are visiting at Annie Burk's and calling on old friends.

Farmers are busy haying. There seems to be a large amount of hay this season.

It is that has too many trees in the fire, will find that some of them are apt to get burnt.

CHAPTER I.—That

let her the architect known as "Dismore" aesthetic reasons, by a to Ethel Dismore, n. She would refuse the father, millionaire heat. Trust will not allow the place. Perkins, a victim of a man's wife having left her newsworthy reputation, a Dismore's right-hand to Edith and in respect to Edith sees a connection with a runaway wife and

CHAPTER II.—Edith James, Edith's horse away is accounted by does not give him his after calls him M. P.

CHAPTER III.—Josephine and Fred lends a prize fight place. The girl is a dignity of arrest by the had stopped her run. learns his name is Edith to think she is the Dismore. Telling is in love with Fred Edith to take a trip their Aunt Candice.

So it was Mr. Paul it, of course, but Edith made it certain Paul? I said nothing never gets bothered By the way, now that talk, let's have Paul in a hurry."

And before I could was in. I stared at him as Paul? I exclaimed, "Mr. Paul came to 'Yes, Miss Edith' he didn't notice that I didn't care or—Oh! Sometimes I could a Father, but try as I in the best of Mr. Paul. I was sure something a real human being, incarnation of corp smooth and polished as 'Well, Miss Edith' he waiting respectfully, he hadn't known how he isn't well!" I said do you mean by you fair? How dare you I was in love with Mr. Paul's eyes were enter a plea of confession," he said. (I to use words that he knew; I made a men them up. "But you mention, so I want I'll just own up and mean anything and as me."

Of course there was for me to do. To ref been ridiculous. Some me in the wrong—no, I'll say that for him. self in the wrong! I'll try to do with it. I v self and—

But I didn't get a slow in speaking—quite And I didn't take half ciding what to do as writing it down. But fore I could begin to Mr. Paul had handed of papers, had said th at the office in the me thing like that, and I the door.

I stopped. I was so ment. This was Ca into Africa with a

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CHAPTER III.—Josephine and Fred lends a prize fight place. The girl is a dignity of arrest by the had stopped her run. learns his name is Edith to think she is the Dismore. Telling is in love with Fred Edith to take a trip their Aunt Candice.

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DINSMORE'S FOLLY

By
Crittenden
Marriott

Illustrations by
Irwin Myers
W.N.U. SERVICE

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THE STORY

CHAPTER I.—That her grandfather left her the architectural masterpiece known as "Dinsmore's Folly" for aesthetic reasons, by no means pleasing to Ethel Dinsmore, modern "napper," she would refuse the bequest, but her father, millionaire head of Consolidated Trust, will not allow it. Ethel visits the place. Perkins the caretaker, is the victim of a matrimonial mishap, his wife having left him. Fred James, newspaper reporter, comes. Mr. Paul, Dinsmore's right-hand man, proposes to Ethel and is rejected. He takes the rejection in a melodramatic manner. Ethel sees a connection between Perkins' runaway wife and Mr. Paul.

CHAPTER II.—Riding with Fred James, Ethel's horse bolts. The runaway is stopped by a stranger who does not give his name. Ethel hereafter calls him M. P. (My Preserver).

CHAPTER III.—The sister, Josephine, and Fred James, Ethel attends a prize fight. The prize fight is the place. The girl is saved from the indignity of arrest by the same man who had stopped her runaway horse. She learns his name is Braxton, and allows him to think she is a poor relation of the Dinsmores. Telling her father she is in love with Fred James, the old diplomat arranges for Josephine and Ethel to take a trip to Japan, with their Aunt Candice.

So it was Mr. Paul. I had known it, of course, but Father's confirmation made it certain. "Bother Mr. Paul!" I said petulantly. "You can't!" replied Father. "He never gets bothered about anything. By the way, now that we've had our talk, let's have Paul in. I fancy he's in a hurry."

And before I could object Mr. Paul was in. I stared at him as he came in. "Mr. Paul!" I exclaimed, sharply. "Mr. Paul came forward gravely. "Yes, Miss Ethel?" he said. Either he didn't notice that I was mad or he didn't care—or—Oh! What's the use? Sometimes I could get the best of Father, but try as I might I never got the best of Mr. Paul.

I was sure sometimes that he wasn't a real human being, but merely an incarnation of corporation law—smooth and polished as if of tricks. "Well, Miss Ethel?" he said, and stood waiting respectfully, as calm as if he hadn't known how I hated him. "It isn't well," I snapped. "What do you mean by meddling in my affairs? How dared you tell father that I was in love with Fred James?"

Mr. Paul's eyes twinkled. "I could enter a plea of confusion and avoid need," he said. (It was just like him to use words that he knew I didn't know; I made a mental note to look them up.) "But you don't like tech nicalities, so I won't offer you any. I'll just own up and say I didn't mean anything and ask you to forgive me."

Of course there was nothing else for me to do. To refuse would have been ridiculous. Somehow he had put me in the wrong—no, he hadn't either. I'll say that for him. I had put myself in the wrong! He had had nothing to do with it. I would abuse myself.

But I didn't get a chance. I'm not slow in speaking—quite the opposite! And I didn't take half as long in deciding what to do as I've taken in writing it down. But somehow before I could begin to abuse myself Mr. Paul had handed Father a sheaf of papers, had said that he would be at the office in the morning, or something like that, and had started for the door.



I Stopped. I Was Scared for a Moment. This Was Carrying the War into Africa With a Vengeance.

Then I turned to father. But Father was ready, too. He didn't say a word about Mr. Paul, for which I blessed him—Father never did rub things in; he merely picked up the conversation where it had been broken off.

"Yes! I had noticed your growing affection for Fred for some time," he said, "and I had made up my mind to send you to Japan. I—"

"To Japan?" I screamed. "Yes! I haven't any objections to Fred—none in the world. But you're really too young to marry, Ethel, and a voyage to Japan will give you a chance to learn whether your love is true."

The worst thing about Father is that you never can tell whether he is joking or not. He says the most plausible false things and the most preposterous true ones in exactly the same tone of voice.

And what made me maddest, of course, was that I couldn't say a word—not after the way I had opened the argument.

"You will go, won't you?" finished Father. I grinned mournfully. "I'll be delighted," I declared. "Perfectly delighted. I've always been crazy to go to Japan and—"

"Quite so," Father apparently considered the matter settled. "Run along then, and get ready. The steamer leaves Tuesday."

"Tuesday?" I screamed. "Next Tuesday? Three days from now?"

Father had begun to scan a paper. "Yes," he said, abstractedly. The steamer What-do-you-call-her sails Saturday for Yokohama via Panama. I have engaged accommodations for you and Josephine and your Aunt Candice. Now, about your allowance. Let's figure it out and—"

"No, thank you!" Here at least I could win. "Just double it—above all expenses, of course; and I'll try to get along on it." With head high I walked toward the door.

I have had experience with Father about that allowance before, you see. Father had the most extraordinary capacity for juggling figures. He could start with one added egg and prove in ten minutes that an enormous fortune was waiting for the man who collected all the other added eggs in the country and made fine out of the shells and celluloid out of the silk linings. He even proved to me once that I would have double the money to spend if I let him reduce my allowance one-half. How he proved it I never could remember, but I know I couldn't dispute his argument, though I tried hard enough. All I could do was to admit that he was right, thank him for putting me on, and add that I thought it would be more satisfactory all around if he used the same scheme to increase his own income—when, of course, he could well afford to double mine. Father was so pleased with this argument that he did double my allowance forthwith.

So this time I answered sharply and turned toward the door. But at the threshold Father called me back. I looked around and found him holding out his hands and grinning. "Edle, old girl!" he laughed, and I flew back into his arms. Father certainly was a good old scout.

"You'll go, and take good care of Josephine and of your Aunt Candice, won't you, Ethel?" he asked. Of course I said that I would. And I meant it, too. After all, it would be jolly to visit Japan.

CHAPTER IV

Three days later, Aunt Candice and Josephine and I found ourselves on the ship Something-or-other, ready to start on our long voyage.

We had been on board quite a while and had seen our staterooms and put our things carefully away where we wouldn't be able to find them, and had sniffed at the flowers and sampled the candy that our deaux had sent us, and had put Aunt Candice to bed—

Oh, yes. Of course we had put Aunt Candice to bed. Aunt Candice always went to bed as soon as she got on board a ship.

Aunt Candice never got seasick, but she was affected with bilious spells that came on her abruptly, without the least apparent cause, and that bound her to her bed for days at a time. One of these had overcome her just after she had caught her first whiff of the bilge-water, and she had thought it best to lie down. I had voyaged with Aunt Candice before, and I was perfectly sure that this "spell" would last about three days unless the weather should get suddenly bad. Aunt Candice does not eat much food in this story; she remains, for reasons that will very

shortly appear. I mention her, merely to show that Josephine and I did not always run about unchaperoned. When we had put her to bed we went on deck to wait for Father.

He had not been able to come down with us, but he had promised to turn up before the steamer left; and of course we had to be on deck to watch for him.

We watched and watched and the minutes flew, but Dad did not appear. It was getting perilously near sailing time, too. Still, I was not worried—much. Dad always kept his engagements and he had sworn (across his heart and hope to die) to keep this one. So I waited and trusted.

By and by a messenger boy, conveyed by a steward, came pushing through the crowd to our side and handed me a note. It was from Father.

"Don't be worried if I'm late," he wrote. "Paul and I have been detained here at the office, but I'm just about to start. I'll see you off if I have to hire a tug to do it."

This was consoling, and it pacified me for a time. But after a while I began to get irritated. Even if Father should come now he wouldn't have time to do more than say "howdy do; good-by" before the steamer started.

Then, all of a sudden, I saw Fred. He was on the lower deck and he was carrying a bouquet as big as a house. He was rambling through the crowd exactly as if he were a football player chasing a touch-me-down—or whatever it is they chase (I never could understand football). A humane desire to save the lives of the people who stood in his path moved me to lean over the rail and wave to him. He heard me, looked up, waved that propitious bouquet, and charged for the companionway.

A moment later he was beside us. Josephine was nearest to him and he thrust his roses into her hands. "I'm absent without leave," he panted, "and I've got to rush back right away. There's trouble around the city hall. A batch of indictments have come from the grand jury room, and it's rumored that some big sensations are going to be sprung. I've got no business to be off my beat. But I had to see you before you left. If you see your father tell him to read the papers before he goes back to his office. . . . Good-by." He grabbed Josephine's hand.

He didn't grab mine. I jerked it away. "Good gracious, Fred James," I exclaimed. "Don't be in such an awful rush. What's in the papers? And why should I tell Father?"

I stopped. There was no one left to talk to. Fred was halfway to the companionway, plunging over perfectly inoffensive people. I determined to punish Mr. Fred for that—when I got back from Japan.

Meanwhile I turned to the rail and looked for Father; it wasn't like him to be late. But he did not appear. I watched the crowd for a little while; and then, tiring of this, I turned and contemplated the ship.

It was about a block long (cross-town measure, of course), as broad as a church, and about four stories high, including the basement. I knew it had elevators and a swimming pool, and a dining saloon (it occurred to me right there that Aunt Candice probably never would see that dining saloon, but it didn't occur to me that I never would, either), and retail stores, and—and—lots of things. No doubt a good many of the people who had come on board to see other people off were below somewhere gawking at these things; but the people on deck were not concerned with them. They were talking all of them—not talking. Nobody was listening, except two or three forlorn females like Josephine and myself.

"Good-by! Shoot us a wireless once in a while. . . . Wish I was going. For the love of Mike, Bill, where did you put that snake-bite medicine? . . . Take good care of her, George; she's never been away from me before. . . . That's a good girl. Kiss Uncle Bill for me. . . . Wuxtry! Wuxtry! All about the Dinsmore indictment. Wuxtry! Wuxtry!"

The Dinsmore indictment! Slowly the words penetrated my consciousness, and made me wrinkle my brows irritably. Why, I wondered, couldn't people who bore our name behave themselves and not do things that would bring the law down upon them? Dinsmore was a rather distinguished name; surely the few who had it might remember to keep it out of the mud. I didn't know that what an indictment was, but I had a vague idea that it was something disagreeable.

"Wuxtry! Wuxtry! All about Curtis Dinsmore indicted." "Curtis Dinsmore!" This passed a joke. Curtis was my father's name and I spun around. "Here, boy!" I called. "Give me a paper."

He gave it, and I read it. It was about Father, all right. A warrant for his arrest had been issued but had not been served, "because Mr. Dinsmore cannot be reached. He was seen to enter his office this morning, and is known not to have left them. Mr. McCutcheon, his head clerk, denies that he is there but refuses to permit the premises to be examined. A search warrant will be obtained immediately." And so forth.

Father! Indicted! Warrant for his arrest! Good heavens! I couldn't believe it. Father! Why, he didn't say a word to me about it. And surely they wouldn't have dared to indict Father without telling him about it. And sure he would have said something about it when he phoned that he was starting for the ship! And he had started, of course. But why hadn't he arrived? I was sure that he hadn't. I had been watching for him too closely. I was sure I couldn't

have missed seeing him. He hadn't gotten to the ship. Good gracious! Of course he hadn't. He had been arrested on the way! He was in jail—in jail!

The whistle blew, once, twice, three times. We were about to start. In another moment we would be gone and Father would be left in jail. What was I to do? What was I to do?

"All ashore that's—going ashore! All ashore!" A megaphone trumpeted the words over the decks, and a catfooted steward echoed them in my ear.

Of course Josephine says I ought to have asked her. But that's a joke! Nobody ever asks Josephine anything. She would probably have given the right answer—in time, in the full of time. But time, full or not full, was what I didn't have.

"All ashore!" Of course! That was the answer. I turned and grabbed Josephine and rushed her along the



"Where—Where—What?" She gasped. "We Can't Go Ashore Now! We'll Be Left!"

deck, down the stairs, to the gang-plank. Here, for the first time, she hung back—hung back effectively, I mean.

"Where—Where—What?" she gasped. "We—can't go ashore now! We'll be left!"

"Of course we will. We've got to be left. We wouldn't be right if we weren't left. Father has been indicted and arrested. He's in jail!" I whispered, shrilly. "We've got to stand by him. Come along!"

"Good heavens!" Josephine gasped. Then she heaved up again. "But—she began, "but—"

"Come along. You can have all the time you want to think about it when we're ashore. Come!" I put my hand on her shoulder and she came along. I could tell by the feel of her shoulders that she was not convinced; but then I didn't expect her to be. She went ahead, and under the circumstances that was enough to satisfy any reasonable person.

It was only when we got on the wharf and found our progress checked by the crowd that was rubber-necking upward that she objected again. "Who brought you the message from Father?" she asked.

"Message? Oh, good gracious, Josephine! I didn't get any message. Father had no way to send us a message. I read it in this paper." I thrust the miserable sheet before her eyes. "Oh! How lucky it was I heard the boy and bought a copy. Five minutes more and we'd have been carried off, and poor Father would have been left all alone!"

I had been steadily propelling Josephine while I spoke, and had gotten her outside of the crowd and well down the pier before I finished. When I did finish, she stopped dead.

"How do you know that Father didn't plan to get us away because he knew that this—this dreadful thing was going to happen?" she demanded. "I caught my breath. Sure enough! How did I know? My lower jaw sagged. Then I braced up.

"Very likely he did!" I declared. "But what difference does that make? We're not going to desert him, even if he wants us to."

"I am!" Josephine's voice was decided. "If Father had wanted us to stay he'd have said so. He didn't say so; therefore he wants us to go. And I'm going!" Josephine caught my arm and began to drag me back. "I didn't insist. It wasn't necessary. All right," I said. "If you want to desert the father who bo—if you want to desert Father, I'm sorry I brought you ashore. But it's too late to get on board now. The steamer is off."

It was, too. Josephine looked at it for a moment. Then she surrendered. "I'll say this for Josephine; she has a most unfortunate habit of surrendering without any back talk, when she can't help herself. She doesn't fuss and she doesn't sulk. Really, she misses half the fun of being a woman."

Silently we walked along the pier. I called a taxi and we got in and gave the man the address, and we started. We were half way home before either of us remembered poor Aunt Candice, prepared for the worst (which was sure to happen). "Only she didn't dream how very worse it was to be. I was about to—"

phine, but, on consideration—I can consider when there is no particular need to act without consideration—I decided that I had better not worry her any more.

My first idea, of course, was to go to Father's office. But on the way I changed my mind. We wouldn't find Father there, of course; and we would find shoals of reporters who would probably make a headline of us: "Darling daughters dart to the defense of their dad," or something of that sort, that would make Father mad. Father hated the newspapers, except when he wanted to use them. All we could do at the office would be to find out where Father had been taken; and we could, or so I thought, find that out just as well over the telephone. So I leaned forward and told the chauffeur to take us home.

Josephine looked up at this. Along about thirty-fourth street she began to sniffle softly behind her veil, and I thought she had ceased to pay attention to anything. But my changing the orders roused her.

"Aren't we going to the J-jail?" she asked. "The jail? Of course not," I exclaimed. "Why, Josephine Dinsmore! You know perfectly well that Father wouldn't stand—our coming to the

jail. I never dreamed of going there. Besides, we don't know where the jail is—"

Josephine glanced around. "Can't we ask somebody?" she faltered. "The chauffeur looks as if he ought to know—"

"Shh. Don't let him hear. Do you want to get into Town Tattle? Besides, it doesn't matter. It would never do for us to go to jail. I did mean to go to the office, but I've thought it over, and I'm sure we'd better go home and telephone from there."

Josephine considered this for a moment. Then she brightened. We can send Father a bundle of underclothes and things and—"

I bit my lips to keep from screaming. "Underclothes!" I gasped. "Underclothes. You talk of underclothes at a time like this. You—Stop the car—quick!" I leaned forward and caught the chauffeur's arm. "We want to get out here."

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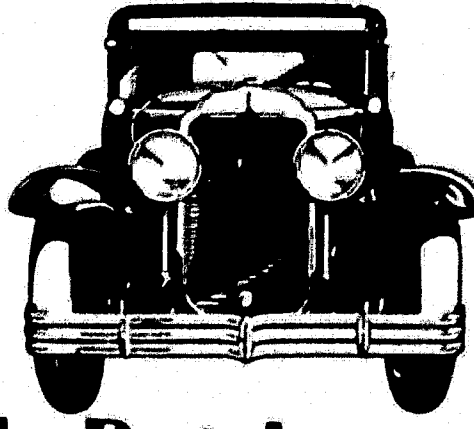
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